This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

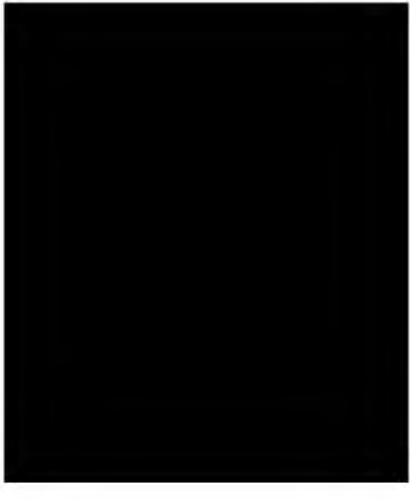
We also ask that you:

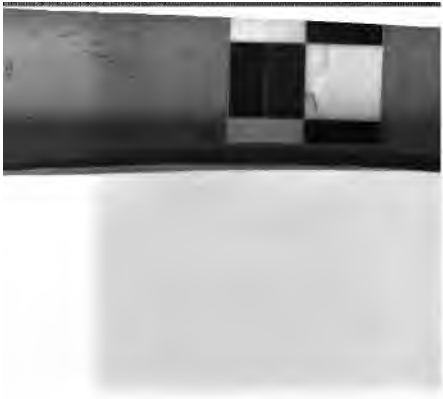
+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06825945 0





From your affectionate
Cousin
Owen Ashworth

Ancient Hymns

OF

Holy Church.

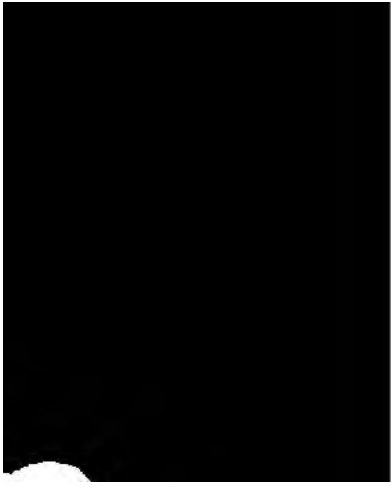
Et Hymno dicto exierunt.

HARTFORD.

HENRY S. PARSONS.

1845.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
191700



TO THE

[illegible]. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, M.A.

IN MEMORY OF

MANY CONVERSATIONS

ON THE

SACRED RITUAL,

OF

THE CHURCH OF GOD,

THESE HUMBLE TRANSLATIONS ARE

MOST AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED,

J. W.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE Translator of the following Hymns has attempted nothing more than a faithful expression of the sentiment of the originals. He was anxious to communicate to such as are interested in the Ancient Hymnology of the Church, an idea of the sort of Hymns which have been in use for many centuries; and to open, at least in a small degree, and humble way, the treasures of the olden worship. The Hymns will of course be found very different from modern

ones, and that in various ways. A few words on this matter may be permitted.

They seem then, in the first place, to enter more deeply into the spiritual or mystical meaning of Holy Scripture. We might

Again: these Hymns,—and of course the remark extends to all the ancient Hymns,—enter much more deeply than any later ones, into the Symbolism or Sacramentality of what we call Nature. That Nature is thus Sacramental, and that herein consists her highest and noblest office, far higher and nobler than that of ministering to the perishing body, it were a waste of words to attempt to prove. For no process of argumentation, could convince a mind, which did not grasp the idea at once, and receive it in the same way that it would an axiom in the mathematics. Let a reference be made to simply the morning Hymns for the weeks, aud it will be seen how in regard to one thing only, namely, the gift of light, they

y.

its symbolism,

ety.

emarkable to be

il to attract the

few Hymns here

third, sixth, and

ntion. At nine in

ascends that divine

r hearts, and spread

s the light of day is

ounts toward the me-

glow of heat, suggests

s of sin, and we pray

per it by His grace. At

oon, when now the de-

us of the coming even-

hat our evening may not

s of its symbolism,
variety.
emarkable to be
l to attract the
Hymns here
d, sixth, and
At nine in
hat divine
spread
day is
me-

sink into ni
deep insigh
just mentio
The mor
in some w
which is
adopted b
Incarnate
Hymns it
day bring
light its
Christ, th

.t were, to remember, how that the
ıallowed in their origin, and not to be
ninisters of sin by him.

There is too a noticeable distincti
.ween the week Hymns, and the Hy
he Festivals or Fasts. The form
ıxactly in accordance with the sul
hastened, uniform tone of spirit,
characterizes the daily service o
Church. That repression and check

become great and stirring commemorations, would make daily worship very unreal. A glance at the Week and Festival Hymns, will abundantly show the contrast between the quiet and subdued tone of the one, and the jubilant expression of the other.

Many of these Hymns will be found in the Breviary. But when we recollect that almost all the admirable Collects in our Prayer Book are found there too, it will be felt that the fact does not in itself make any thing against them. Any one who has ever examined the Breviary, knows very well the plain distinction that every where meets the eye, between ancient Catholic truths, and modern developments. Nor is it too much to say, that one discerns at once, the

cient and more severe one, that emr-
ze certain Hymns, which no Catholic
: early ages could have either written
ed. It is very painful, for instance, to
hat while the daily morning and even-
veek hymns, are what they are, thos
Compline are with only one exceptio
:essed to the Virgin Mother.* But wh
n? Shall we give up all? Or rath
p the late and objectionable ones, a
... private purposes of devotion, t

For any thing more than a companion
private devotion, if indeed they shall
even so honored, these translations are
designed. The translator will account
object gained, if they shall have contribut
any how and in any degree, to the advan
ment of a chastened and Catholic taste
Hymnology.

There are added to the original translati
a number from an English work, with whi
indeed the translator feels some hesitati
in bringing his own in contrast. Still he
the satisfaction of feeling that his volu
will be all the more acceptable to his re
ers. All the Hymns after Trinity Sund
are taken from the source now indicated.

St. George's Parsonage, Schenectady,
October, 1844.

ΑΔΦΑ

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

Dedication.....5
Introductory Note.....7
Hymns for the Hours.....17
" Rising.....17
" Prime.....18
" Third hour.....19
" Sixth hour.....20
" Ninth hour.....20
" Compline.....21
Hymns at Lauds.....22
" First day.....22
" Second day.....24
" Third day.....26
" Fourth day.....28
" Fifth day.....29
" Sixth day.....30
" Seventh day.....32
Hymns at Vespers.....33
" First day.....33
" Second day.....34

PAGE.
Hymns, Third day.....35
" Fourth day.....37
" Fifth day.....38
" Sixth day.....39
" Seventh day.....41
Hymns for the Seasons.....45
" Advent.....45

HYMNS

FOR THE

HOURS AND THE WEEK.

I.

A Hymn for the Hours.

IN SIX PARTS.

1.

ON RISING.

With limbs refreshed by needful sleep,
Forth from our couch of rest we leap,
And raise to Thee, our God on high,
Our morning Prayer, our earliest cry.

On Thee our waking thoughts are bent,
To Thee our waking words are sent;
And we begin the coming day,
With Thee, the Leader of our way.

So to our souls made dark by sin,
Pour Thine own holy radiance in.

With earnest cry we beg this day,
That Thou wilt drive all sin away:
So we, defended by Thy power,
Will praise Thy name forevermore.

2.

AT PRIME.

While now the sun his course begins,
We lift our prayers to Thee;
Keep us this day from wonted sins.

OF HOLY CHURCH.

Pure be each thought, and free from sham
Unknown be folly's sway:
Make sparing food our flesh to tame,
And wear its pride away.

So when this opening day is past,
And night returns apace,
Kept pure by prayer and holy fast,
We'll chaunt Thy glorious grace.

3.

AT THE THIRD HOUR.

Now, Holy Ghost, to Thee we pray,
One with the Father and the Son;
Bent be our spirits to Thy sway,
And all Thy holy promptings done.

Let lip, tongue, soul, and every part,
Pour our most high confession forth;
Let fire of Love light up each heart,
And kindling spread o'er all the earth.

4.

AT THE SIXTH HOUR.

Mighty Ruler, God most true,
Guiding all in order due,

Grant us such evening to life's day,
As shall not sink in night away;
Let holy death bring us the prize,
Of life eternal in the skies.

6.

AT COMPLINE.

Thee, before the daylight dies,
Great Creator, we implore!
By Thy mercy hear our cries,
Be our guard forevermore.

Let no sinful dreams allure,
No dread visions us affright;
But with souls and bodies pure,
Bring us to the morning light.

GENERAL DOXOLOGY.

Holy Father lend thine ear;
Deign Thou Holy Son to hear;
Holy Spirit hear our cry;

Hear us Blessed Trinity!
As Thou heard'st Thy saints before,
Hear us now, and evermore.

II.

Hymns at Lauds.

1.

FOR THE FIRST DAY.

At His voice, comes the sun as a giant in might,
And darkness recedes from the sky;
Evil men veil their wrongs and pollutions from sight,
And shrink from the All-seeing Eye.

The worn sailor his toil with new vigor begins,
And the dark wave is losing its fears;
While the Church, with weak Peter remembering her sins,
Bewails them with groaning and tears.

Spring we then from our couches with vigor and haste,
The cock-crowing calls us to rise;
It warns him who dares God's bestowments to waste,
And rebukes the mad soul that denies.

At cock-crowing, hope lightens up the lone heart,
And the sick hail the day-spring in heaven;
The red dagger is sheathed, as the shadows depart,
And new faith to the fallen is given.

O Jesu! behold us all sunken in sin,
And as Thou beholdest, chastise!
One look, and our hearts shall be broken within,
And repentance shall stream from our eyes.

ach sense, O! Thou light-giving King!
pel all the dreams of our night,
s right early, thy praises shall sing,
r vows shall be paid in thy sight.

e great Father of earth and of Heaven,
e Son, and the Paraclete bless'd,
r, and glory, and majesty given,
nd all praises addressed.

Great God! our voice we raise to Thee,
Father of grace most full and free!
Father of endless glory, deign
To pardon sin, and cleanse its stain.

Strengthen our souls, whene'er we stand,
And crush our foes with Thy right hand;*
Make all our adverse times to be,
But times of blessing ruled by Thee.

Guide Thou and govern all our mind,
All our desires, let chasteness bind;
Let faith grow warm with fervent heat,
And keep us pure from earth's deceit.

Christ be our spirits' food this day!
And faith their holy thirst allay!
Not in excess o'ercome with wine,
Let us be filled with joys divine.

* "Let us not think," as Origen says of a similar pression in the song of Zacharias, "that this is oken of bodily, but of spiritual enemies."

Holy through grace, be all this day;
Sinless and pure, its opening ray:
At noon let Faith more brightly glow;
No sunset let our spirits know.

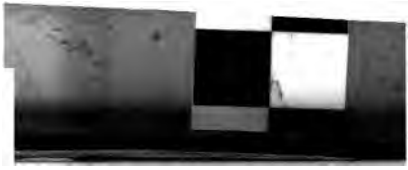
As morning ushers in the light,

From beds of rest,—He cries,—Depart,—
Nor sunk in slumbers lie;
Watch with pure hand, and sober heart,
For I am drawing nigh!

Jesu! to Thee our voices rise;
We watch, we pray, we weep!
And our low supplicating cries,
Forbid our souls to sleep.

Dispel our slumbers, gracious Lord!
Break all the chains of night!
Loose all the bands of sin abhorred,
And bathe our souls in light!

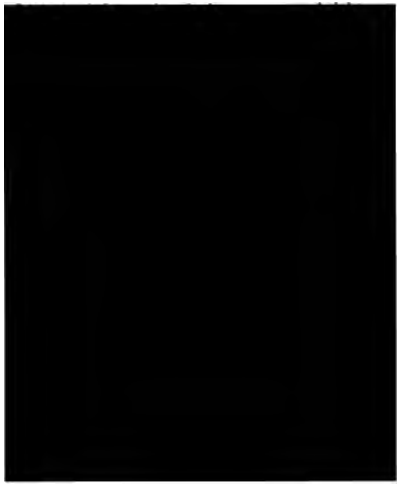
Glory to God the Father be,
Glory to God the Son;
Both with the Spirit, One in Three,
And all, the Three in One.



4.

FOR THE FOURTH DAY.

Shade, and cloud, and lowering night,
Ye that wrap the earth around,



Glory to the Father be,
  Equal glory to the Son,
With the Spirit, One in Three;
  All, the Holy Three in One.

5.

FOR THE FIFTH DAY.

Lo! the golden light arises;
  And wan night must flee away,
Which so long 'mid sin's surprises
  Led us on our devious way.

Light of Christ on us descending,
  Makes our spirits pure within;
We no longer lowly bending,
  Walk in darkness and in sin.

So let all this day pass onward,
  Tongues be true, and hearts be pure,
Eyes to earth not looking downward,
  Bodies braced to meet sin's lure.

Every thought and act he knows,
From its dawn, to eve's last ray.

To the Father laud be given,
To the Son and Paraclete;
Worshipped evermore in heaven,
With due praise, and honors meet.

6.

FOR THE SIXTH DAY.

Eternal glory of the sky,
Hope, conquering the tomb,

As shines the rising star of day,
  And spreads its glories bright,
As flee the shades of night away;
  Oh! fill our souls with light.

And let it beam on every power,
  Drive off dark night for aye,
And our cleansed hearts forevermore,
  Fill with eternal day.

Let Faith, first grace bestowed by Thee,
  Deep in our souls sink down;
Then Hope shall come, and Charity,
  Shall all our graces crown.

Glory to God the Father be,
  To Son and Paraclete,
The Three in One, and One in Three
  Adored with honors meet.

7.

FOR THE SEVENTH DAY.

Morn lights up earth's canopy,
Onward comes the opening day;
Star-beams slight the eastern sky

III.

Hymns at Vespers.

1.

FOR THE FIRST DAY.

O Thou who calledst forth the light,
  Prefiguring days to be;
Ere heaven and earth arose to sight
  From void immensity;

Thou who to evening joined the morn,
  And called them both the day,
Dispersing darkness chaos-born,
  Hear us who weeping pray.

Let not our souls guilt-laden, be
  From life poor exiles made;
While onward rolls eternity,
  Forecasting its deep shade.

But let them soar to heaven's own gate,
  And gain the living prize;
Changed from whate'er Thou Lord dost hate,
  And pure in Thy pure eyes.

Most Holy Father! bow thine ear,

O most Holy Father, shed
  Streams of grace forever flowing;
Lest new forms of sin deceive
  Us, some devious pathway shewing.

Let our light by Faith increased,
  Shine within in fullest splendor;
So false vanities revealed,
  It shall weak and powerless render.

Laud to Thee The Father be;
  Laud to Thee O Son be given;
With the Spirit One in Three,
  Reigning all, One God in Heaven.

3.

FOR THE THIRD DAY.

Creator eternal, who framéd the earth,
  And allotted its place to the land,
Where secure from the sea in its terrible mirth,
  All moveless and fixed it might stand;

So the seed might shoot forth in the plant and the tree,
  And the bright blossom ope to the light;
So fair fruits and rich harvests all plenteous might be,
  And green pastures spread wide on the sight.

The wounds of our spirits all scarred by our sin;
  Heal Thou with the might of Thy grace:
Tears flowing without, and contrition within,
  Shall leave for offences no place.

4.

FOR THE FOURTH DAY.

Lord, who spread'st the heaven in brightness,
  And the mystic path on high,
Mad'st to shine with fiery whiteness,
  Gleaming all along the sky;

On the fourth day upward rolling,
  Wide the sun his glories flung:
While the moon the night controlling,
  And the stars in heaven were hung.

Clearest signs Thou thus hast given,
  Waxing light and waning rays;
Signs for morn and closing even,
  Signs for seasons, years, and days.

Let these signs to us betoken
  Spirit's darkness turned to day;
Chains of guilt forever broken,
  Sins in mercy, washed away.

Worshipped evermore in [illegible]
With due praise and honors meet.

5.

FOR THE FIFTH DAY.

God of endless power and might,
Who the waters fruitful made,
Calling two-fold being forth,
One to sink in ocean's shade,
And the other high to soar
Winging land and waters

Let no guilt sink us in woe,
  Deeper than the unfathomed main;
Let no pride our spirits raise,
  To hurl them down to earth again;
    Lest the crush'd heart, rally never,
    And the proud soul, fall forever.

Father, Holy, Thee we pray;
  With the Spirit and the Son,
God in whom we move and live,
  One in Three, and Three in one;
    Ruling in all times before,
    Ruling now and evermore.

6.

FOR THE SIXTH DAY.

Lord! at whose word all life came forth,
  Cattle and creeping thing;
Who formedst man of fashioned earth,
  And life to clay didst bring;

Who all, did'st in subjection give,
To him last formed of all;
And mad'st him Lord of all that live,
Whom Thou from naught did'st call;

Make us, O Lord! to rule through Thee

7

FOR THE SEVENTH DAY.

Great God! who life to all hast given,
Who rulest o'er the garnished heaven,
Who day hast glorious made with light,
And grateful sleep ordained for night;

So frames refreshed might be more meet
Day, bringing in fresh toils to greet;
So weary minds might share their lot,
And anxious griefs be all forgot;

Thanks for the daylight past and gone,
Prayers for the shadowy night begun,
Rise to Thine ear, through twilight dim,
While now we chaunt our evening hymn.

Thee Lord, let all our spirits praise,
While we in songs our voices raise;
To Thee let love all ardent soar,
Thee let our chastened hearts adore.

Faith shall not know its gloomy sway,
And night to Faith, shall shine as day.

Drive slumber from our spirits' eye,
Let only guilt in slumber lie;
While Faith shall keep us pure within,
And guard us from the touch of sin.

As dead let carnal senses be,
Make e'en our dreams to soar to Thee;
Nor with his visioned fears and woes,
Let Satan break our calm repose.

Hear us, Thou everlasting Son!

8.

ALSO FOR THE SEVENTH DAY.

As the fiery sun goes down,
  Thou eternal Unity,
  Thou most blessed Trinity,
With Thy light our spirits crown.

Early rose our song to Thee;
  Now we humbly Thee entreat
  Make Thy feeble suppliants meet,
To praise Thee in eternity.

To the Father and the Son,
  With the Spirit, Persons three,
  Yet one GODHEAD; let there be,
Seemly honors ever done.

HYMNS

FOR THE SEASONS.

I.

Hymns for Advent.

1.

CREATOR of the starry heaven,
Who light to faithful souls hast given,
  JESU! Redeemer, deign to hear,
  Lend to our prayers a gracious ear.

THOU, who to save a world forlorn
From damning snares and Satan's scorn,
  With deeper love than man can know,
  Wert made the life of men below;

Thou, Who when all were shut in sin,
Wert framed the Virgin's womb within,
So the God-man, in wondrous wise,
Might be for sin a sacrifice;

Thou, to Whose glorious power so dread,
And name like richest perfume shed,
Bright angel hosts and hell's array,
Bow in awed love, or stern dismay;

Judge of that last and dreadful day,
Thee we entreat, to Thee we pray!
With arms of Thy supernal grace,
Defend our foe-encompassed race.

2.

Hark! how that voice swells clearly out
Dispelling every darkling doubt;
See how earth's shadowy visions fly,
As Christ comes glorious from on high.

Spring up thou soul from slumbers deep;
Wake from thy sinful earthly sleep;
There shines in heaven a better day,
And blessings fall, with every ray.

The Lamb deserts His home on High
To bear a world's iniquity;
With streaming eye, and tearful face,
Entreat we then His pardoning grace.

So when again He draweth near,
And earth is trembling all with fear;
We shall not seek our guilt to hide,
But press to His protecting side.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be honor, power, and glory given;
Sung by the universal Host,
And sung for aye in Earth and Heaven.

3.

Come Redeemer of the nations;
Thou the Virgin's mystic Birth,
Wonder of all generations,
God, most meetly born on earth.

Not in carnal union given;
By the Spirit's mystery,
Flesh is made the Word from Heaven,
And the promised Seed draws nigh.

God is man, in way most holy,
Pure from every stain abhorred;
And the Virgin's breast all lowly,
Is the temple of the Lord.

God and man for aye united,
In the Christ the only Son;
Heaven and earth in Him are plighted,
All in Him are joined in one.*

From the Father's glory bending,
He again with Him shall stand;
And to Hell in death descending,
Rise in life to God's right hand.

Equal Son of God Eternal,
Put our human nature on;
Conquering all our foes infernal,
Strengthening us, when life is won.

Brightly gleams Thy holy manger,
And new glories gild the night;
Darkness now to us a stranger;
We shall dwell in fadeless light.

* Changed from the original.

Glory to our God be given,
  To the Son and Paraclete;
Worshipped evermore in Heaven,
  With due praise and honors meet.

Hymns for Christmastide.

Thou took'st man's nature undefiled;
This day through every circling year,
Bears witness to the love so dear,
Which from the Father's bosom gave,
Thee, Lord, a ruined world to save.

Stars, earth, and all the spreading sea,
With heaven's unknown immensity,
With a new song salute the morn,
When Saviour Thou on earth wert born.
And we, whose souls the sacred wave,
Of Thy dear Blood from sin doth lave,
Hail with warm hearts Thy natal day,
And in glad hymns our tribute pay.

Jesu! the Virgin-born to Thee,
One in the Father's Unity,
And both with the good Spirit One,
Be honors everlasting done.

2.

From where the eastern day spring shines,
To where the sun's last beam declines,
Her Lord's high praise the Church shall sing,
Born of a Virgin, Christ the King;

Blest Author of an endless age,
Who took man's form and bore man's rage,

With straw a manger rudely spread,
Earth gave her Lord to be His bed;
And He each living thing who feeds,
Made earthly food meet earthly needs.

Yet choirs of Heaven high anthems sung,
And bending angels o'er Him hung;
While simple shepherds learned that morn,
How the chief Shepherd then was born.

Jesu! the Virgin-born, to Thee,
One in the Father's Unity,
And Both with the good Spirit one,
Be honors everlasting done.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

1.

Why cruel Herod dost thou fear
That God thy King is drawing near?
Shall He desire thine earthly throne,
Who gives His Saints a Heavenly crown?

The Magi came upon their way,
Led by that star's mysterious ray;
Light seeking, on by light they trod,
And with their treasures, owned their God

'Mid Jordan's waves the Saviour stood,
And sinless sanctified the flood;
So water by His glorious grace,
Yours, do should wash our sinful race

Oh Jesu! be Thou ever blest,
Who thus Thyself did'st manifest;
And to the Triune God be given,
Eternal praise in earth and Heaven.

2.

Chief 'mongst the cities of the plain,
Bethlem! to whom 'twas given,
To witness to the Virgin birth,
Of Christ the Lord from Heaven;

O'er thee blazed forth that wondrous star,
Than noon-day sun more bright,
Telling to watchful lands afar,
How God was man that night.

Led on by this, the Magi see;
Their eastern gifts behold,
Offered to Him on bended knee,
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold:

Sabæan gums and glistening ore,
The God and King disclose;
While dust like myrrh completes the store,
And the dark tomb foreshows.*

Jesu, to Thee all glory be,

Hymn for Septuagesima.

Past are the days of Festival,
And days of Fast draw nigh,
When with due abstinence we seek,
Our souls to purify.

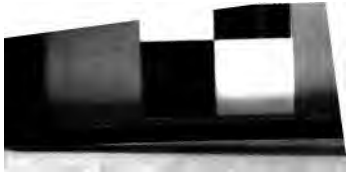
To our Confessions and our Hymns,
Our Judge shall turn His face;
Nor pardon shall withhold from us,
Whose penance sues for grace.

Freed from world-Egypt's servile yoke,
And Babel's misery,
Eager our destined home we seek,
Jerusalem on High.

We flee our exile here below,
To dwell with Christ adored;
And claim the gift He giveth us,
Co-heirship with our Lord.

Be thou O Christ the life-long guide
  Of all Thy scattered flocks,
For whom the iron Thy soul did p
  And bruised Thy feet the stocks.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,



OF HOLY CHURCH.

Dear searcher of man's inmost heart,
  Who know'st how weak are we,
Forgive the sin, and heal the smart,
  Of souls that turn to Thee.

Unnumbered sins our memories trace,
  Yet spare when we confess;
And for the glory of Thy grace,
  With strength Thy weak ones bless.

Grant us through grace the power to tame,
  Those lusts so wide that roam;
So sin shall no food, nor shame
  Make in our hearts her home.

Thy mourning suppliants deign to hear,
  O Thou the One and Trine;
Within our souls let fasting bear
  Its flowers and fruit divine.

2.

Salvation's Sun! within our souls,
Shed down Thy heavenly light;
And while Thy day-spring onward rolls,
Dispel their mournful night.

Earth bending down adoreth Thee,
Most gracious, holy Trinity!
And man reborn in new framed lays,
Chaunts evermore Thine endless praise.

Hymns on the Passion.

1.

Forth flames the standard of our King,
  Bright gleams the mystic sign,
When life bore death of suffering,
  And death wrought life divine.

The stabs of the accursed spear,
  Brought forth the healing flood,
To cleanse sin's stains so dark and drear,
  With water and with blood.

O faithful Cross! thou noblest tree,
Of all that man shall ever see,
In earth's wide forests there doth shine,
No leaf, no flower, no fruit like thine.
Yea sweet the iron, and sweet the wood,
That bear the Lord, and shew His blood.

Let everlasting glory be,
To Thee O blessed Trinity;
To Father, Spirit, and to Son,
Be endless honors ever done;
And let all things and creatures join,
To bless and praise, the One and Trine.

GOD SPARED NOT HIS OWN SON.

Hymns for Easter,

AND THE PASCHAL SEASON.

Once the Angel started back,
When he saw the blood stained door,
Pausing on his vengeful track,
And the dwelling passing o'er.
Once the sea from Israel fled,
Ere it rolled o'er Egypt's dead.

Now our [illegible] is come,
Dimly [illegible]
And [illegible] Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord [illegible]in at last.
Then with hearts and hands made meet,
Our unleavened bread we'll eat.

O thou Victim come from Heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given,
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquered death's dread strife
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Satan and his demon host,
  Chainéd to Thy chariot wheel,
Raging for their empire lost,
  Made Thy conquering arm to feel,
    Thou hast dragged from deepest night,
    Aghast and trembling into light.

2.

Heaven with rosy morn is glowing,
  Songs of triumph fill the air,
Strains of praise from earth are flowing,
  Hell is writhing in despair.

Earth's great king in glory springing,
  From the deep sepulchral night,
While loud anthems round are ringing,
  Leads his saints to life and light.

Unless watch the guard are keeping,
  O'er that tomb so still and lone ;
He who there in death was sleeping,
  Bursts the seal, and rends the stone.

"Weep no more! no more be given,
  Gushing tears and mournful sighs,
For the grave's dark gates are riven,
  Christ is risen," the Angel cries.

Be our Paschal joy unending!
  And, O Lord, deign Thou to save
Contrite souls, that lowly bending,
  Pray for life beyond the grave.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,

Mercy sent Thee, Lord, from Heaven,
  Bearer of our sins to be;
Thou in love to death wert given,
  All Thy sons from death to free.

Thou hast burst the bonds infernal;
  And the chains of death down trod,
Gone in victory eternal,
  To the right hand of our God.

Lead us on thy path all beaming,
  Be to us our spirit's goal!
Send us joy while tears are streaming
  Crown with life, each faithful soul.

Jesu! Thine be power and merit,
  Victor king, gone up on high:
With the Father and the Spirit,
  God through all eternity.

Hymns for Whitsuntide.

1.

Pour on our senses all Thy holy light,
And to our hearts bid flow the stream of love;
Our weakness turn to might,
Shed on us from above.

Drive far the foes that seek our spirits' sway;
And bind once more the broken bonds of peace;
Lead us upon our way;
And make our wanderings cease.

Make us to own through all eternity,
Thee, with the Father, and the Only Son,
The holy Persons, Three,
The glorious GODHEAD, One.

To God the Father be all glory given,
And to the Son uprisen from the sod;
Who reign with Thee in Heaven,
One only living GOD.

2.

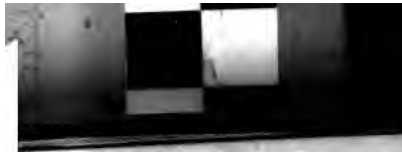
Blest is our joy! The time hath come once more,
When that Apostles might be made all meet,
His Holy Church to build, the Lord did pour,

Mindful of this great miracle, we pray
  Thee Lord, Thy Spirit still on us to shed;
As looking up we view that sacred way,
  Down which It streamed on many a faithful head.

We are Thy temples consecrate to Thee;
  Oh fill us with the Spirit of Thy grace,
Till with our sins forgiven, from foes made free,
  We shall in Heaven behold Thy glorious face.

To God the Father be all glory given,
  And to the Son uprisen from the sod;
Who with the Spirit rule the hosts of Heaven,
  Three persons holy, and One living God.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS.



Hymns for Trinity Sunday.

1.

Glory to God the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son;
Thou Trinity,
In Unity,
Glory to thee! the Persons Three,
The mighty Godhead One.

2.

The fiery sun goes down!
O light perennial, Unity,
O ever blessed Trinity,
With radiant love, shed from above,
Brighter than day our spirits crown.

Our song of praise to Thee,
—Incense of morn,—was duly paid;
And now as falls the evening shade,
Our prayer we bring, that we may sing,
Thy praises in eternity.

[illegible]

The Trinity, in Unity,

Are owned in earth and Heave

GLORY TO THEE,

THE VERY TRINITY, THE HOLY

THE MOST HIGH GOD.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

FOR SOME OF

THE MINOR FESTIVALS.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

FOR SOME OF

THE MINOR FESTIVALS.

St. Stephen's Day.

1.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.—Rev. ii.

Rightful Prince of martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow!
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone;
Nor could stars more brightly shine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams
Dart a thousand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-slain victim free
To Him, the Victim slain for thee:
Thou the first thy Lord to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red sea of blood:—
Prince of martyrs, thee behind
What a countless army wind?

Thou of Virgin-mother born,
In this wintry world forlorn;
  Jesu, Lord, all praise to Thee.
All glory be to Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
  Unto all eternity.

OF HOLY CHURCH

2.

Behold my witness is in Heaven, and my rec
is on high.—Job xvi.

Why, stern of heart, and dull of ear,
The heaven-born truth defy?
When full of Heaven he bids you hear,
Why doom the saint to die?

Behold him, where each murderous hand
Upheaves the deadly stone;
And Saul hath arm'd his savage band
Around yon guiltless one.

How fruitless all! for lo, on high
Heaven's starry court expands,
And far beyond the opening sky
Th' enthroned Saviour stands.

And Thou his great reward.

Nor recks he aught the 'whelming showe
Full fix'd on Heaven and Thee:
Where Thou art Judge, and Thine the po
To die is victory.

From Thy full fount his raptur'd thought
Drinks in Thy living fires;
And from his mortal coil up-caught,
He joins Thine Angel quires.

Oh Thou, of Virgin-mother born,
Jesu, all praise to Thee:

3.

'I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven.—ST. MATT. v.

Holy love towards her foes
In mysterious channels flows;
Bow'd to soothe, or steel'd to blame,
Holy love is still the same.

Pleader for himself he stood:—
Now he falls, his eloquent blood
From the ground for mercy cries,
Pleading for his enemies.

God from Heav'n His martyr heard,—
Heard, and bless'd his dying word:
Saul, the murderer, standing by,—
Saul was granted to that cry.

Thus he bow'd his drooping head,
Thus his joyous spirit fled:
"Jesu, Lord," his offering free,—
"Take the life I owe to Thee."

Death, kind angel, watching nigh,
Sweetly clos'd his tranquil eye.

Jesu, Lord, all praise to Thee.
All glory be to Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Unto all eternity.

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

1.

The Lord Himself is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: Thou maintainest my lot.—PSALM xvi.

Thou, whom before the rest,
The love of Jesus blest;
Thou darling of the Incarnate Deity,
Sharer of all his woes,
Friend of His dying throes,
Eye-witness of His awful sovereignty.

Too favour'd thou of Heav'n,
Oh thou to whom 'twas given
To touch with mortal hand th' immortal Lord;
With mortal ear and eye
To hear and see him nigh,
And hold high converse with th' eternal Word.

Oh cup too full, too high,
For poor mortality!
Thy raptur'd spirit fled its laggard clay.
Say,—when in calm repose
Thy tranced eye-lids close,
To what bright dreams of Heav'n they waken, say.

Oh access dread, oh bliss
Of mutual love, ere this
To every soul in every age unknown!
When such the altar-fire,
That lights thy pure desire,
What countless rays it scatters from its throne!

Hence art thou ever prov'd
Loving, and ever lov'd;
Hence thy bright brow, and virgin modesty,
Hence all that heavenly beam,
That Angels might beseem,
Pour'd round thy head, a circling galaxy.

vv nate'er thou say'st, "'tis love, 'tis l
Scarce doth the struggling soul
Her ecstacy control,
But bursts her bonds, and vents her

Glory on high to Thee,
Holy, eternal Three,
Father and Son and Holy Spirit blest
Lo, this the stedfast law,
The stedfast faith we draw,
From out Thy sacred fount by He
hand express'd.

2.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of Heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him.—Rev. xiv.

Oh, may my God, whom shade, and night,
And folded cloud
In viewless brightness rob'd, enshroud,
In mercy veil His fearful light,
Nor whelm His servant's trembling sight!

Belov'd of God, to thee 'twas given
Unscath'd to see
The blaze of present Deity;
To see the veil in sunder riven,
And search the inmost court of Heaven.

[illegible] almost star
Nor Heaven's own lightning's fier
Thy spirit from its God can stay.

Lo! there 'tis thine still on to mo
Thy nearer ken,
Where ear, and eye, and soul of n
Turn in mute awe, and shrink to p
The mysteries of redeeming love.

For of that love how vast the sum
That Deity
Forgetful of itself should be,
And down to earth an exile come,
To lead these wandering exiles hon

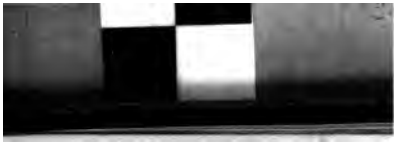
All praise to God on high we sing,
To Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.
Lo! this the stedfast creed we bring
Drawn from high Heaven's eternal spring.

3.

Jesus answered and said, Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of? They say unto him, We are able. And He saith unto them, Ye shall indeed drink of my cup.—St. Matt. xx.

Oh, for a saint like thee,
To sing thy virgin purity!
Sing thee Apostle, and unroll
Thy heaven-taught truth's far beaming scroll,
Or link thee with the seers divine.—
To sing thee martyr-saint, be mine.

For thou, for thou didst view
That death of deaths, companion true!
In spirit with thy Lord wert torn
By racking cross, and piercing thorn;
The only converse left to thee,
Th' high converse of that agony.



And when His voice was fled,
His lingering look on thee He shed;
Thee, His belov'd disciple, taught
His dying eye's mysterious thought.
When from that blood-stain'd Mercy-throne
To all the world His glory shone.

Friend of thy Lord, be mine
My faltering step to match with thine;
To follow onward to the goal
Where love led on thy dauntless soul;
Be mine, as thine, the blessing high,
With Christ to live, with Christ to die.

Glory to Father, Son,
And Spirit—Eternal Three in One.
Lo! this the stedfast creed we bring
Drawn from high Heaven's eternal spring.

1.

Suffer little children to come unto Me;
is the kingdom of Heaven.—MATT, xix.

Little flowers of martyrdom,
Whom the ruthless sword hath tor
On the threshold of the morn,
Rosebuds by the whirlwind shorn.

All regardless of their doom,
'Neath the altar where they lay,
With their palm and chaplets gay,

On the Conversion of St. Paul.

1.

Benjamin shall raven as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.—GENESIS xlix.

The Shepherd smitten is, and, lo,
His flock the wolf is scattering wide;
For Saul as yet doth little know
He wounds in them a Saviour's side.

Prisons, and chains, and murderous wrath,
He breathes, where stern religion calls,
But one soft word has crossed his path,
And on the ground he stricken falls.

161783

This is to wage a war with Heaven
An arm almighty to withstand.

Lo, forth he spreads beseeching han
Prepared beneath Christ's yoke t
And, trembling, asks for His comm
What wouldst Thou have Thy se

The spoiler fierce is lying low,
The vanquisher lies vanquished,
And he, who wore a threat'ning br
He is himself in triumph led.

Good Shepherd, keep us as of old,
  If thou shouldst hurtful ought discern;
And, if we wander from Thy fold,
  Again to Thee our bosoms turn.

Glory to God, both One and Three,
  Who saw us laid in dead of night,
Glory and praise be unto Thee,
  Who call'st us thence to glorious light.

2.

The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up: and the wild beasts of the field devour it. Turn Thee again, Thou God of Hosts, look down from Heaven: behold and visit this vine.—PSALM lxxx.

Whither, Saul, this raging sense
  In thy bosom burning,
On defenceless innocence
  All thy fury turning?
Other than thou hast in mind
An avenger shalt thou find.

On the earth he lieth:
And Christ's armed foe e'en now
Shall as Christ's meek herald go.

He, who, fill'd with threatnings, spe
Chains and death preparing;
By a gentle hand is led,
With a child-like bearing;
Like a raging wolf he came;
But he goes a gentle lamb.

Lord, men's hearts in sternest mood
Open lie before Thee:

Praise the Father, by whose might
  Life to us is given;
And the Son, by whose blest light
  We are born to Heaven;
And the Spirit, by whose breath
We are saved from endless death.

3.

Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.—GAL. ii.

Lord, from out Thy glorious skies,
  Where Thy palace lies,
What cause constraining in Thine eyes
  Brings Thee again to earth?
That Thou, the Judge of endless doom,
Again should as a Saviour come,—
  What foe doth call Thee forth?

What hand can succor lend ?
With suppliant gaze beseechingly
Their eyes look up; but from the sl
No pitying form doth bend.

Forth hath gone one awful sound,
And the world is bound,
With Saul laid suppliant on the grou
At morn went forth to slay
The ravening wolf of Benjamin,
But with the sheep, when eve comes
He shall divide the prey.

Through all climes His glory plant!
Through all ages chant!

On the Presentation of Christ in the Temple;

OR, THE PURIFICATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

I.

Behold, I will send My messenger, and He shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the Covenant, whom ye delight in.—Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts. —MAL. iii.

Sion, ope thy hallowed dome:
To His temple Christ is come;—
Lifeless shadows, haste away,
Grace and Truth beam out to day.

Flocks and herds shall bleed no more,—
Stanch'd the flood of reeking gore;
Lo! He comes from Heaven above,
Victim to His Father's love.

Virgin pure, thy downcast eye
Owns His hidden Godhead nigh;
Heavenly musings, all unheard,
Meetly hail the silent word;—

Whilst to Heaven Thy pious love
Duly vows the sacred dove

2.

Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.—LUKE xii.

Sweet incense breathes around,
  The coming Lord to greet;
And Sion, through her sacred bound,
  Awakes her God to meet.
Arise ye then, ye wakeful quires,
And early light your altar-fires.

Let Faith, with glistening eye,
  Trim up her torch so bright;
And flame-encircled Charity
  Breathe out her glowing light:
And white-rob'd Innocence be there,
To pour its sweetest incense-prayer.

Why love to linger here—
  These guilty days prolong?—
More blessed far yon dying seer;
  Be ours his parting song!

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
To the eternal Three in One,
To all eternity!
Blest Trinity, to Thee we raise
Our joyous hearts in ceaseless praise.

3.

The mystery, which hath been hid from a
from generations, now is made manifest
saints, to whom God would make known
the riches of the glory of this mystery.—Co

Who now in helpless infancy

Above, around, their hymns of joy
  The viewless Angels sing,
And throngs, unseen by human eye,
  Adore the infant King.
The wondering parents catch the lays,
And inly breathe unconscious praise.

Scarce can the raptured spirit bear
  The heaven-inspired thought:
And Hope, that many a live-long year
  The lingering Saviour sought,
Transported with the wondrous view,
Can scarce believe the vision true.

Thou, whom in tranced ecstasy,
  The Prophets dimly scann'd,
Art now beheld by mortal eye,
  And borne by mortal hand:
And, when thou shalt again appear,
Shall waken every ear to hear.

And watch Thee to Thy throne,—
Her mystic touch still feel Thee here,
And in each heart Thine altar rear.

To the Eternal Father be
Eternal praise above:
Eternal glory, Lord, to Thee,
Pledge of that Father's love.
To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
Coequal glory be addrest.

OF HOLY CHURCH.

4.

Christ being come, an High Priest of g
to come, by a greater and more perfect t
not made with hands, that is to say, n
building; neither by the blood of goats a
but by His own blood He entered in on
Holy place, having obtained eternal reder
us.—HEB. ix.

Tremble, ye Gentile lands,—
Bound in the narrow bands
Of Israel's law, the Law's dread Lord is l
Less than the least esteem'd,—
Redeemer, yet redeem'd,
And for His sinless birth a sinner's offerin

Matron of Israel true,
The Mother-maid withdrew,
Nor came to worship to His temple-door,
The Law's accustom'd days
Restrain'd her pious praise,
Nor to His presence-court the wondrous i

And, lo, the threefold band,
That by yon altar stand!
lhood, and age, and virgin purity:
She, mother undefil'd,
And He, her Heaven-born child,
.d age, at such a sight, content in peace to die.

But, ah! what sorrows fierce,
[illegible]rd that heart shall pierce,
[illegible]rse!—

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
In union blest one common voice we raise.
To Thee, blest Trinity,
Eternal glory be;
Pure be our hearts, and ceaseless be our praise.

On the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

1.

Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord. ZECH. ii.

This is the festal light,
Salvation's herald bright,
When the golden sun was sent
From the crystal firmament.

We were all in ruin'd plight,
Falling on to endless night:
To take the fallen for his own,
Lo, God Himself comes down.
Who with the Eternal Father shared His throne,
And on His bosom lay, the Eternal Son,
He wears time's lowly weeds,
Nor scorns the Virgin's womb, the Holy One,—
[illegible] on our mortal needs,

2.

The angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored; the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.—LUKE i.

The herald lights from Heav'n on golden wing,
Announcing mysteries,—the time is come,—
And God Himself, with dread o'ershadowing,
Doth fill the Virgin's womb.

Thee, from that wondrous and stupendous birth
What blessedness, O maiden, doth await,
While God, from thine own bosom brought to earth,
Makes thee the heavenly gate.

Thus moulded by the Spirit's holy flame,
From thy pure virgin body, Mother-maid,
He, the sole born of Adam free from blame,
The flesh of Christ is made.

Food temper'd to his wants.

To praise His Name, till time his course
To praise His Name, all worlds shall fin
To praise His Name, the Father, Spirit,
Shall ever be our song.

St. John in the Island of

I John, who also am your brother, and
in tribulation, and in the kingdom and
Jesus Christ, was in the Isle that is call
for the word of God and for the testimo

And there his awe-struck soul before
Stands He who lives for evermore,
Who as a lamb gave up His breath,
And as a lion vanquish'd death.

And now before his ravish'd eyes,
He brings His kingdom's mysteries;
The faith sown by His martyrs' blood,
Which through all lands shall spread abroad.

O Lord, the power baptismal give
With Thee to die, with Thee to live,
To tread on earthly things, and love
The better things that are above.

All glory and dominion
To God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Who hath broke through our prison-bars,
And leads us to the happy stars.

The Transfigu

1.

The sun shall be ashamed wl
shall reign in Mount Zion, an
gloriously.—Is. xxiv.

The full irradiance flows,
To every limb it goes,
  With snowy light His fiery garments blending:
Now awe-struck silence quakes,
And the live thunder speaks,
  From the bright cloud in majesty descending:
There sounds the unutterable Voice,
Proclaiming His dear Son, the everlasting choice.

With low-brow'd awe profound,
Be silent on the ground,
  The Lord of all is in His holy hill;
And now, with voice of fear,
Let angel hosts draw near,
  While all the listening world is still,
To sing the Spirit and the Word,
And Father, whose dread voice was in the thunder
    heard.

O Lord my God, Thou art become exc
rious, Thou art clothed with majesty a
Thou deckest Thyself with light as it w
garment.—PSALM civ.

How strongly and how sweetly still
Thou, Christ, dost draw the human v
And gently prove;
Whether Thou dost Thyself reveal,
Or from our senses dost conceal,
'Tis both in love.

The Father calls, and for Thy sake

What saith the Father, speaking loud?
And what the Son beneath the cloud?
Now all are gone,
The shadows fleet, around again
Silence keeps watch, there doth remain
The truth alone.

Again Thou dost Thy form resume,
A victim ready for the tomb,
And thence descend
In lowliness ineffable,
Thy Father's mandate to fulfil,
Unto the end.

O Christ, who now Thyself dost hide,
May faith our darkling spirits guide,
And firmly hold,
That when these fleshly vessels break,
We of Thy goodness may partake,
And Thee behold.

And with an undefiled tongue
May sing the Spirit, ever young,
Through Heaven's long days
Sing Thee, whose voice was heard alou
Sing Thee, who wast beneath the clou
In endless praise.

3.

When Thou the heart dost visit, all things seem
  Made new, Truth shines in her unclouded form,
Emerging from the world as from a dream;
  And Love, her face beholding, waxeth warm.

Good Jesus, while time's scroll I still unfold,
  Do Thou to me Thy love make manifest,
That I, 'mid clouds that wrap me, may behold
  Thine everlasting glory, and find rest.

He whom Thy love makes glad as with new wine,
  He knows that knowledge which is from above;
Full blest is he; that fulness is Divine,
  And there is nothing else that he can love.

Thou art the Fount of pity; as it flows
  All drink of Thine abundance infinite:
Thou art the only Sun Thy country knows;
  Scatter the clouds, and show us Thy true light.

Hymn on the Judgment.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lor
Lord, hear my voice: O let Thine ears consider w
the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt
extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, wl
may abide it?—PSALM CXXX.

Then the volume shall be spread,
And the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead!

Then the Judge shall sit! oh! then,
All that's hid shall be made plain,
Unrequited nought remain.

What shall wretched I then plead?
Who for me shall intercede,
When the righteous scarce is freed?

King of dreadful Majesty,
Saving souls in mercy free,
Fount of Pity, save Thou me!

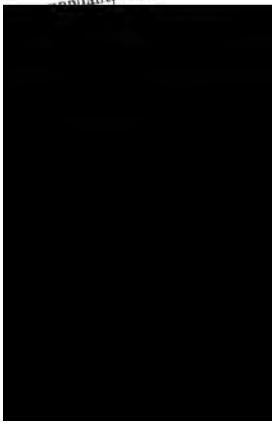
Bear me, Lord, in heart I pray,
Object of Thy saving way,
Lest thou lose me on that day.

Weary seeking me wast Thou,
And for me in death didst bow,
Be Thy toils availing now!

CIENT HYMNS

Justice, Thee, I pray,
e pardon while I may,
: awful reckoning day.

y crimes I guilty groan,
to think what I have done,
...eliant, Holy One.



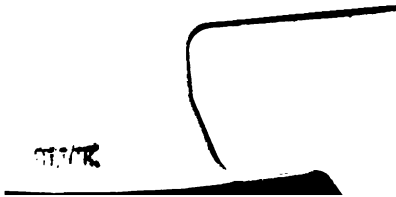
Suppliant, fallen, low I bend,
My bruised heart to ashes rend,
Care, thou, Lord, for my last end!

Full of tears that day shall prove
When, from ashes rising, move

To the judgment guilty men.
Spare, Thou God of mercy, then!

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest!
Grant them Thine eternal rest.

Amen.

LAUS DEO.

N 4 1959